

Drowning

The Dangerous Summer

The cure is bending
at my heart again, and
I leave right through
the window of my comfort.

So when I walk out
on that road at night;
the lights surrounding.
I'm not coming down.

The youth are drowning
in my thoughts again, and yeah,
I hope you hate my jaded views.

The tension all around me
turns to loathing.
I'm hazy
cause those people brought me down.
And i give it up.
I'll trade the blue one
for the white one,
'cause I'm running,
and i need a small vacation
in my mind.
I'm closing in here.

So i open up.
The stars exploding.
Don't pull me down to this.
Don't let me touch the ground.

If this is living it,
I'd rather go there
then spend my time within
those shadows all around.